HEAVY METAL

February 1982
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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

THE DEFINITIVE CORBEN

A magnificent tribute to one of the world's greatest comic book artists, this lavishly illustrated volume spans the prolific and many-faceted artistic career of Richard V. Corben.

Just how prolific he is, will become obvious from this book. Here for the first time are reproduced paintings and comics pages which are unknown even to Corben's most assiduous fans. Some of his earliest works — as well as his most recent drawings and paintings — are published here for the first time. Many of the paintings which were commissioned as book jackets can be seen here unmasked by titles and text. The selection was made in terms of quality in an effort to present the reader with a representative sampling of Corben's best and least known work.

The well paced text brings to life Corben's career, and the artist's love for his craft. His is a wide ranging talent, and chapters have been devoted to his work in the fields of comics, animation, painting and sculpture. The 80 full-color pages include two stories, a sampling of his early work and a portfolio of over 10 paintings, which prove that besides being a major force in comics today, Corben is also a master of fantasy illustration.

An indispensable book for the Corben completist, this is also an excellent introduction to the work of an artist of astounding craftsmanship and fathomless imagination.

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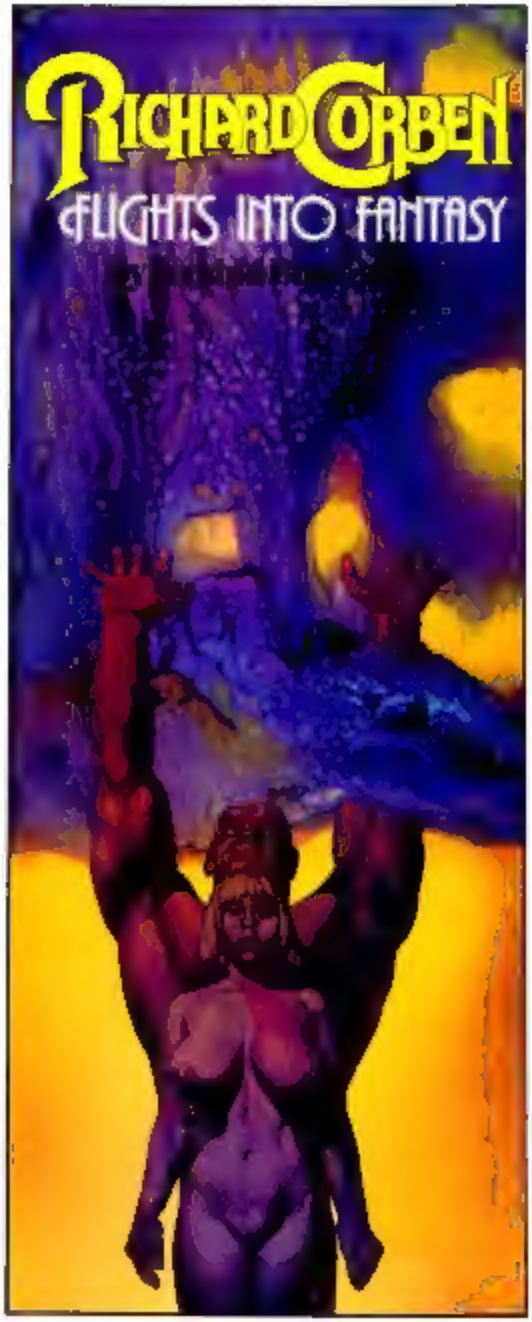

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FEBRUARY 1982

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EDITORIAL

Wally Wood, 1927–1981

When a friend called to tell me that Wally Wood had died, a phrase that I never really agreed with came back to haunt me. It was spoken by Gertrude Stein and was part of her thoughts on creativity. She said: "The work is everything; the man is nothing."

The fact that a great number of *Heavy Metal*'s readers are probably unaware that Wally Wood ever existed might seem to support Stein's statement, as does the certainty that new generations will discover the special genius of the man as long as a single piece of his extensive output of artwork remains.

Among *HM*'s worldwide assemblage of contributors (past, present, and future), there is universal recognition of Wally Wood, the thirty years' worth of superior work he did, and the effect the man and his art will continue to have on their own endeavors. These people, whether they choose to call themselves cartoonists or illustrators or storytellers, know that in both "commercial" and "fine" art there are very few true artists. Wally Wood was one of this worthy minority.

He worked in comic books, that lowly genre reserved (in the U.S., at least) for children. He fought against the lack of adequate working time, the bad printing, the practice of creation by committee, and the indifference of publishers. When he overcame these hurdles (and this miracle *did* happen more often than might be expected) the readers were presented with a very special gift: a world reshaped and made bright and new and wonderful because they were viewing it through the eyes of Wally Wood.

I wonder how many people realize what a special ability, what a gift of genius, one must possess to be able to pull off a stunt like that. Moebius can do it. How many times have we hushed at his pages, seeing not just ink on paper but, instead, a universe we could not possibly even conceive of without the imagination, ingenuity, and amazing cleverness of Moebius? And although the list is short, others are included. We've walked freely through the minds of Richard Corben, Will Eisner, and Harvey Kurtzman. We've had our collective sense of wonder jolted by Carl Barks, Jack Kirby, Caza, and Bilal. It would appear that within the often maligned but creatively alive bastard child of art and literature known (often derisively) as "comics," there exists much that is worthwhile. And that brings us back to Wally Wood.

As a writer, Wood was no match for the likes of Will Eisner. His storytelling abilities couldn't approach those of Harvey Kurtzman. Wood's strength was in his drawing. Given one of Al Feldstein's clever scripts for an EC science-fiction story, Wood always made it uniquely his own. No one could draw the cramped quarters of a spaceship the way Wood did. The creatures the intrepid earthmen always ran into, whether cuddly-cute or savagely menacing, were always *authentic*. No other cartoonist could pose so shapely a heroine into her tight-fitting space suit. The outright sense of pure fun found in these stories was matched and often surpassed by Wood's treatment of Feldstein's occasional ventures into "serious" stories. Tales that would have become ludicrous if illustrated by a lesser artist were turned into moving parables of the ugly side of life because Wood depicted Feldstein's characters as *real people*. Later, working from Harvey Kurtzman's brilliant stories and under the guidance of Kurtzman's unique brand of storytelling, Wood portrayed a world of hellish war that strayed as far as possible from the super soldiers, bloodless battles, and less than human enemies found in other comic-book war stories.

I have often wondered what effect this repudiation of the "glories of war," when coupled with the not so gentle Kurtzman/Wood *Mad* satires of 1950s America, had on the turbulent 1960s. It's hard to believe that any child who encountered the gritty realism of the EC war stories and the humorous nose thumbing at authority in *Mad* during the 1950s would willingly participate in a real-life combination of the two a decade later.

The EC comics of the 1950s were only one high point in Wally Wood's career. He continued to entertain readers with his jobs at America's underbelly when *Mad* became a magazine and Al Feldstein took over the editorial reins. He did magazine illustrations, advertising art, gag cartoons, album covers, bubble-gum cards, and syndicated comic strips. He worked for all the major comic-book companies, producing such strips as "Daredevil" for Marvel comics and "Captain Action" for DC. Working with artists Gil Kane, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, and Al Williamson, he created the highly regarded "Thunder Agents" for Tower comics. He gave a helping hand to such artists as Dan Adkins, Ralph Reese, Larry Hama, and Paul Kirchner.

In 1966 Wood published *Witzend*, a non-newsstand magazine wherein comic artists had the freedom to produce the kind of art and story that interested them, unhampered by the restrictions imposed on ordinary kids' comic books. It would not be a false statement to say that Wood's handful of *Witzends* were among *Heavy Metal*'s ancestors.

But now Wally Wood is dead. And the little that we know of the man—the private tortures, ecstasies, troubles, and delights that are a part of every human life—will soon be gone, to be supplanted by the dreams that he left behind . . . on paper.

"The work is everything; the man is nothing," I disagree. Given time, the work will become the man . . . or at least that part of him that is good and noble and timeless. And some time, a few years down the line and maybe a few worlds distant, I have no doubt, a book will be opened or a tape will be played or some unheard-of machinery will hum to life. Then an image will be seen and human eyes will open wider in appreciation and a human throat will emit words of awe and some grown-up child will be introduced to the immortal Wally Wood.

—John Workman

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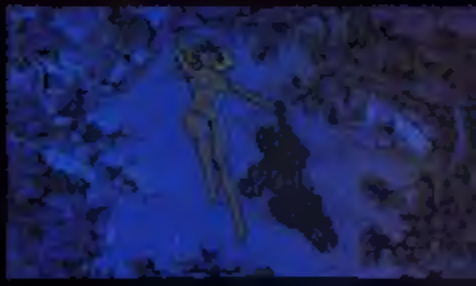

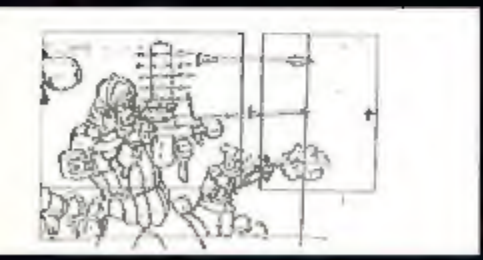

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THIS FELLOW ANTONIO HAS A HARD HEARTED OLD MOND MONEYLENDER, A REAL GREAT TOWN COMMUNITY BUT HE HAS A FRIEND BASSANIO WHO HAS BROKE. JUST AS WATTS TROUBLED SOCIAL PROGRAMS, HE NEGLECTS SCHOOL LUNCHES, SOCIAL SECURITY AND OTHER EDUCATION AIDS BREAKING US NOW

IN ORDER TO HELP HIS FRIEND ANTONIO LOANED BASSANIO MONEY AND HAD TO BORROW FROM SHYLOCK AT RIDICULOUS USURIOUS RATES. TO COVER HIMSELF IN OTHER WORDS, HE RAN UP A DEFICIT AND PASSED THAT NEED ENTERTAINMENT ON TO FUTURE SONS THE NEW AMERICAN WAY

BUT PORTIA, AN HEIRESS, KNEW THAT REAL CHANGE CAN ONLY BE MADE BY INDIVIDUALS WITHDRAWING THE BUSINESS. YOU'RE NOT TO GIVE THE BREAKS TO THE RICH. AFTER ALL, THEY'RE THE ONES DOING WITH THE FINEST PRACTICE AT SPENDING MONEY!

SO WHEN SHYLOCK WANTED TO FORECLOSE HE LOANED AS WELL AS ANGUISH, PORTIA NOT ONLY PERSUADED HIM THAT HIS INTEREST IS WRONG, SHE ALSO CONVINCED HIM TO LIVE AS BEACH TO LIVE HIS OWN RELIGION AND NOT FORCE IT ON THEM

IN OTHER WORDS, SHYLOCK, SAW THE VIRTUE OF INVESTING IN THE FUTURE. I WOULD SEE A REASONABLE RETURN SO ANYWAYS, HONEYMOON AND PORTIAS, SURELY CAME HIGH OR HAND IN HAND

THAT SHAKESPEARE WAS GOOD STUFF, MR. PRESIDENT
NEXT QUESTION

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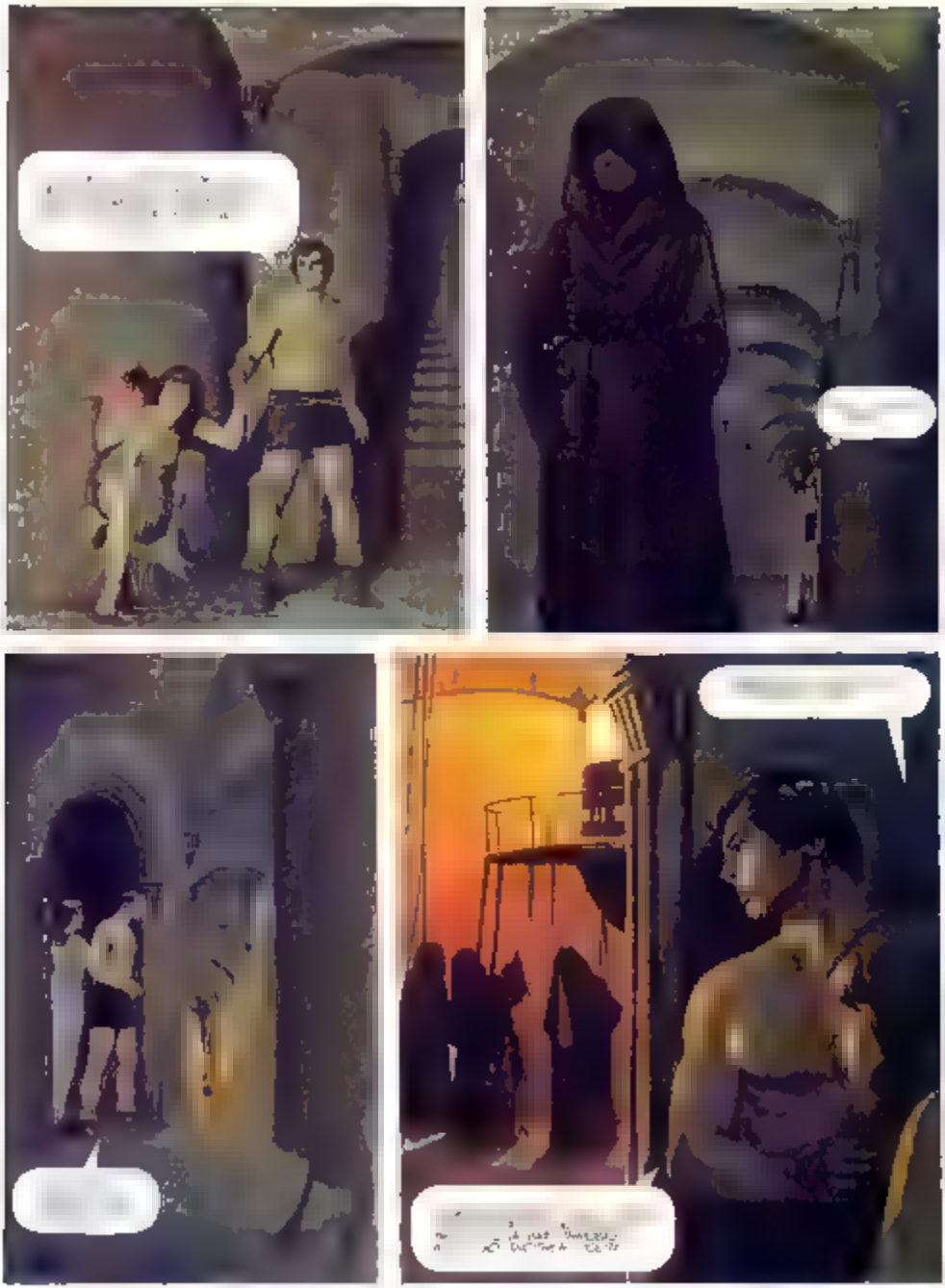
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TOO MUCH TO BREAK LOOSE
IN THE BOOK!
CRAC!
IT SEEMS I HAVE A FRIEND IN THIS STRANGE CITY...
ONE I WILL HAVE TO THANK WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.
I'M GOING TO KILL SOMEONE IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!

ALL RIGHT. I MUST THINK THIS THROUGH.
IF I CANNOT CLIMB OR REMAIN THERE IS ANOTHER MEANS OF THIS WILL PROVE QUITE STRANGE. TO SAY THE LEAST.
NOT AS THAT STRONG
PERHAPS FIRST THIS ONE STRIKES AT ALL.
IT IS A LITTLE THICKER THAN PARCHMENT OR SILK. CURIOUS!
BE QUIET, GIRL. I'LL CUT US ANOTHER HOLE AND WE ALL BE FREE OF THIS MACHINA'S DEN.



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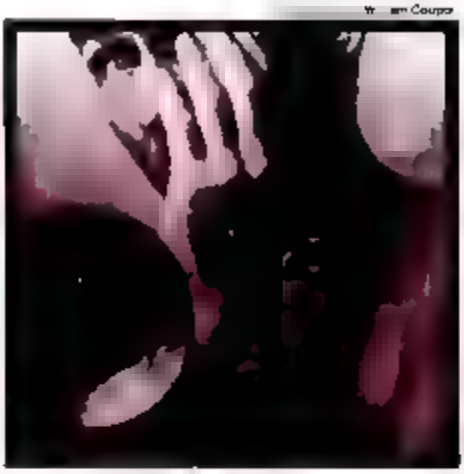


William Coupon

Jon Hassell

In matters where the genetic term "hybrid vigor" is written, the human species has a advantage of offspring bred from expanded gene pools. Strength through miscegenation. So much for high-school biology. Music, in more interested in its genetic metaphors, applications better mixes through family pool swag, you might say. Breeder, which can gain strength rock 'n' roll era gets you nothing more has reshuffled Chuck Berry swap—which we need like jobs Davis can needs another dimple. Not that I'm opposed to preserving rock 'n' roll's racial purity but frankly I'd rather leave that to duck-walking musicians and pomp-adorned museum curators. Mix and recognize says

Joe Jack an avant-classical curiosity in a closet with a North Indian violinist and watch Jon Hassell float out of the stop a wimped-out Burt-cooker in Ghana jamin' his beat to bush burger with some sticks and get a copy of Mark Fleetwood's The Furies by return mail. You get the idea.

Dream Theory in Malaya Editions EG is trumpeter composer Jon Hassell's fourth excursion into the synthesis he calls Fourth World Music (Volume 2 in the Brian-assisted series) Dreaming Tibet like a cultural lesion where primitive vernacular kicks the butt of sophisticated celebration. Neither one should support the other. Hassell the

utures natural, a unified, complementary action must create an expressive vocabulary for contemporary experience. Hassell collects skeletal components of indigenous Far Eastern tropical musics (the hypnotic bell-like avanese gamelan core of "Jadi of Fire" arranges them according to in-universe-primitive structures (minimalist repetition) and binds the elements with his trumpet's fibrous texture and uncannily alive sound. Technology evokes natural music, animal cries, while found-object sounds metamorphosize into composed music, the wale splash, the hm a k or Malay. At once soothing and provocative *Dream Theory in Malaya* evokes a unique and exquisitely feminine atmosphere

Jon Hassell's fascinating musical tension.

Drummer Mick Fleetwood (from where which band?) approaches cultural synthesis with a more literal mind set. *The Visitor* (RCA his first solo effort) unfolds like a study book in ethnobashing: add voice, add song as a different element, balance carefully. Create dense, sonic cues? No way. Actually the album didn't sound all and I'm ready to admit so do public. LP opens with ex-Mac Peter Green thumping a bluesy Kinkerstable Shake, gal-but crossed by a distant thunder hyphen section moves into straight African blues and chunky Nzumali when Santana esque A ra funk. Supe beams" and after a couple of Mac-like numbers finishes up with the plan

Allie Ie Authentic. Whit Guess and who the hell cares. I'm content with the cultural potential and the personal absence of ego-mark. You should get out more often, Mick.

Ever on the other hand, eight of an album's available side get his music and from Ghana, Ebenezer's *The Pure Sellers* (Island's EG) A producer of this straight ahead as pop LP Mr. Mystery apparently deactivated his ous many conceptual-fillers and studio tal musical contented himself with supplying a rock-solid rural b What we get is African Jujuras Africa-derived American music good enough but curiously lacking in the energy one expects from his work of these.

Help arrives in the nick of time a twin-blade direct-from-parlance *The Electric Slumbers of Bow Babies* Warner Bros. Bram Funkadelic and Joel Cronic and the comrades *Freak Freak as Foreign Places & Sex*. The pair of platters dishes out more wit sophistication, polish, watch tions, and obscenely carnivorous eclecticism than is humanly conceivable at one sitting. Their respective instrumentals (George Clinton and Augie Darnell) are responsible for an alarming amount of the best mainstream pop dance music to emerge in the last years. They leave no stone unturned, and no style unwhipped.

The point is we just can't expect to get anywhere galloping up and down the same old beaten paths tapping up someone else's already-hewn horse meat. I'm getting on, and for much faster than at

Joel Selvin

Youth Culture

I like the Go-Gos and their record up album *Beauty and the Beat* (A&M) because, like my ten best friends, I've always wanted to be a chick rock star and play in a thousand all-girl group.

Like many middle-aging youth culture-vores (the average rock superstar is thirty) Kerouac and the U.S. genesis in right place while youth culture at twenty-five is as obsessed as the Go Gos are with losing their teen. On *Beauty and the Beat* the girls tinker with the eternal love triangle of never getting it by or falling in love with the wrong guy who treats your world upside down, never being as hip as your peers whatever age you are and of not standing firm when you're getting even by dumping the guy who dumped you.

Lively singer and dynamic throwback Belinda Carlisle is more interested being an overradiant Ingrid Bergman and a passing Marisa Berenson was a Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. While the other Go-Gos sip ham pagne, talk on the phone and listen to a Sony Walkman Belinda's the wide beauty sniffing a rose in her bubble bath, as seen on the photograph on the back cover of the album, like most rock-'n'-roll narcissists. The Go-Gos want to be rich, famous, and loved for their image more than anything else.

With their inborn know-how nonstop the Go-Gos are now jumpstarting their twilight years in the big rooms at Las Vegas. If you'd like to learn more about the sisters, get in touch with Go-Gos Fan Club, c/o I.R.S. Records, P.O. Box 17, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Daphne Davis

TERRY GILLIAM's FAVORITE VILLAINS OF ALL TIME

Procrustes the Innkeeper: When I was writing *Time Bandits* and I read about Theseus and the Minotaur, I learned that one of the people Theseus encountered was Procrustes. In his inn, he had a bed. Those too short were stretched to fit, and those too long were lopped off. I liked his manners.

The Wicked Queen in Walt Disney's *Snow White*: Vanity and beauty are what she's all about, and the dangers she encounters when she becomes so preoccupied with her beauty that she's not paying attention to the people around her. She's a fascinating character because she's so totally self-absorbed. She's a narcissist who's so in love with herself that she's willing to kill anyone who gets in the way of her beauty. She's a fascinating character because she's so totally self-absorbed. She's a narcissist who's so in love with herself that she's willing to kill anyone who gets in the way of her beauty.

The Phantom of the Opera: Actually he's not a villain; he's a tragic character. Villains like him interest me because I don't necessarily find them villainous. When he was disfigured, he did forgive women as practically the ugliest in all the kingdom. The fact that she does not seek an ugly caterpillar really worked for me. She recalls to sensual with her beauty. Rather than becoming something that spoke as follows she chose to look as ugly as possible. A truly strange thing.

Shere Khan from Walt Disney's *Jungle Book*: He's the ferocious tiger with the voice of [illegible]. He's a villain who's totally motivated by his own pride. He's a villain who's totally motivated by his own pride. He's a villain who's totally motivated by his own pride.

The Monster [illegible]

Fred Silverman [illegible]

The Villains in 'Dick Tracy': They are so wonderful [illegible]

Richard Nixon: This ex [illegible]

SF-ly Brilliant

Russell Hoban's apocalyptic parable *Riddley Walker* (Summit Books) has been anathemized by the object of 1980's [illegible] It says to read like SF [illegible] As a story of a primitive subsistence culture [illegible] Riddley Walker is [illegible] Hoban's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Addend A

It's good to hear of the publisher Thomas Kuntzman for preserving a major institution in pop culture. One that has defined comic art more than any of the detective stories is Will Eisner's adventures of the Spirit. So, with the appearance of the thirtieth

Kuntzman) pays tribute to Eisner's creation and furthers the myth. Through it all the Spirit's message comes across: it's hard

thit. Eisner's kept up the mes-
sage all these years, this tribute

True hero-worshipers live on and publish fanzines about

Imagining Heroes (Zara Inc. Box

cles of *Dial H for Heroes* and *The Teen Titans*, but how much can you flog cheerleaders under

As for codifying the images of science fiction, artist Vincent (*Il Fatto's Catalog of Science Fiction Monsters*. Whatever

Rather he

all images to a set of sterilized al-
boys without really piercing the
pump of wonder or altered real-
ity. Instead of aiding in under-

Booka-Saurus

As horror keeps coming on strong, hair and blood (check

Beloved

Nightmare, for its psychological mind bending), it makes its way

me, the new wave with-
Bauhaus's danceable 1979 tune
"Bela Lugosi's Dead" and the
more recent "Norman Bates"
single by Landscape. Anybody
out there know of other horror

To be seen soon: Deborah Harry and James Woods in

Dick Smith does special effects

If David Byrne's collaboration with modern-dance choreographer

dance and rock'n'roll can create a substantial piece of music. Now out as a single album with edited excerpts, its panoply of Af-

ransom were speculating as to the Talking Heads future beyond the current exciting new set. Well, have no fear (of no music). The Heads are committed tour this spring and another stu-

dio album with King Crimson guitarist Adrian Belew (who is now producing for Byrne and

and Tina Weymouth's sister with Tom Tom Club

the band will have being a TTC

Ah, the vagaries of the pop music world: for example, why did the techno-funk dance band Medium Medium release their EP

both the dance mix and the orig-

Dangerous Minds" and "Hungry So Angry"? Why did Siouxsie Sioux (of the Banshees) and drummer Budgie's

their creatures EP being

The dangerous "The Lunatics Have Taken Over the Asylum" jungle (Chrysalis import) with

Rosten), Lydia Lunch, sassy Pop, and most of the other suckers on the scene. Is there a future for

shows on and your Talking Heads LPs and start your own bowling club.

What next? First we had new wave fashion, now we have new wave bowling alleys? Though it's happening first here in New York, it may be coming to your city next. As pictured at left (left to right), Jon Simon and Alan

Plant are the proprietors of the Bowling Club, a wee-nightly (from midnight to dawn) bowling

Universal Place. The lanes

curves, new-wave music and regulars such as Johnny Lydon (ne

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

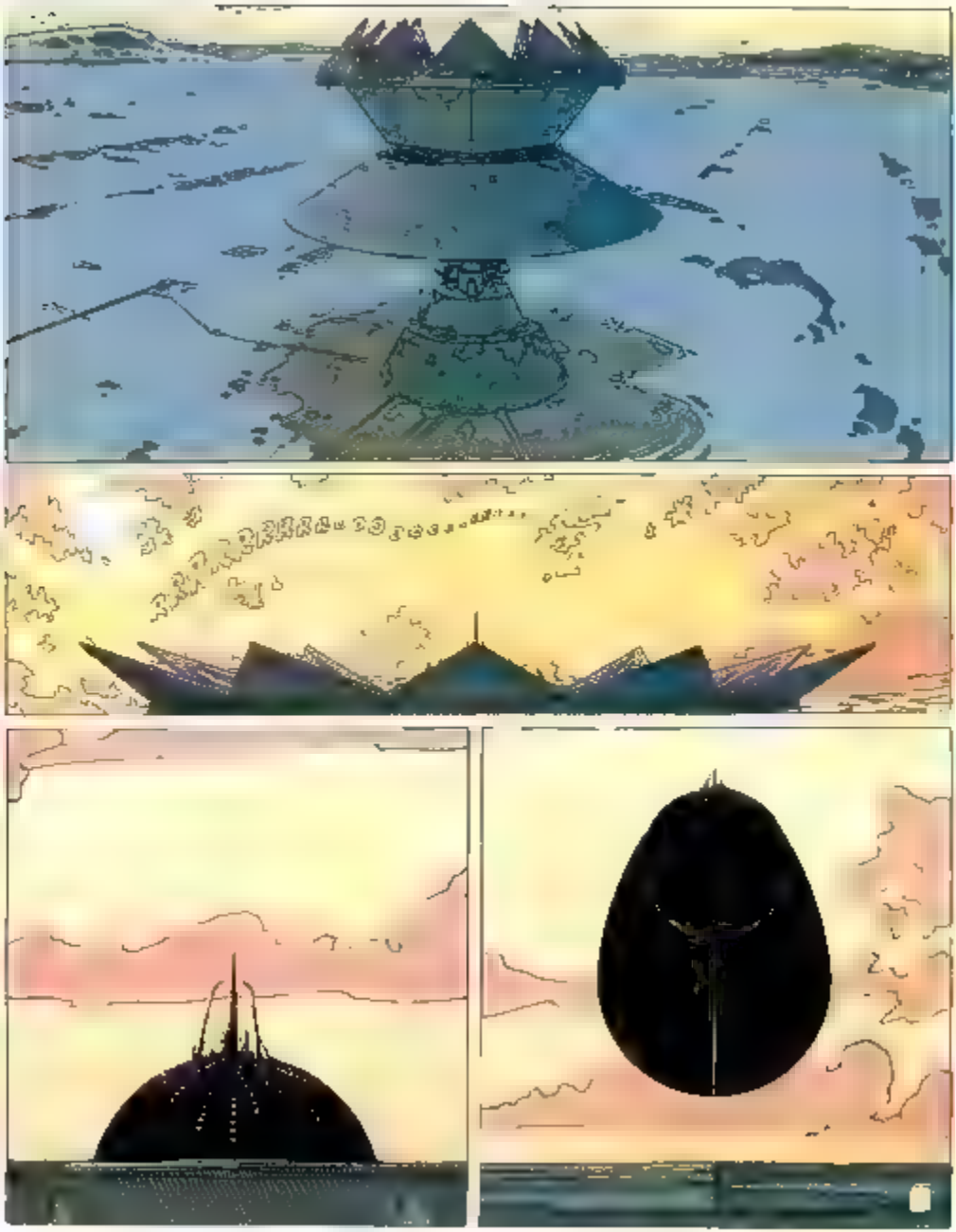
THE INCAL LIGHT

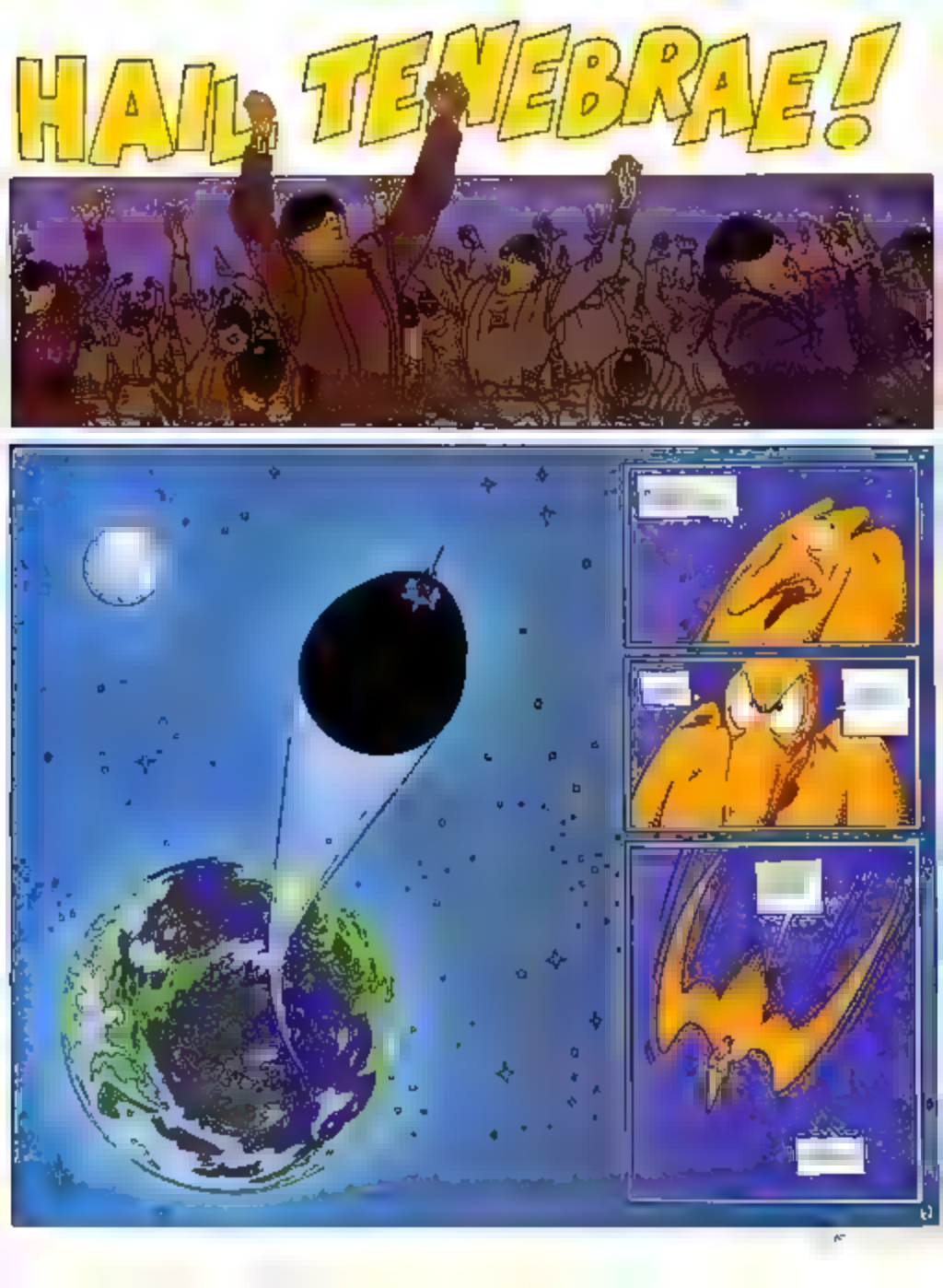
HAIL DARKNESS!

E-E E-E E-E

HAIL!
HAIL!
CONQUER!
CONQUER!
CONQUER!
CONQUER!
HAIL
HA!
'ONQUER!
HA!

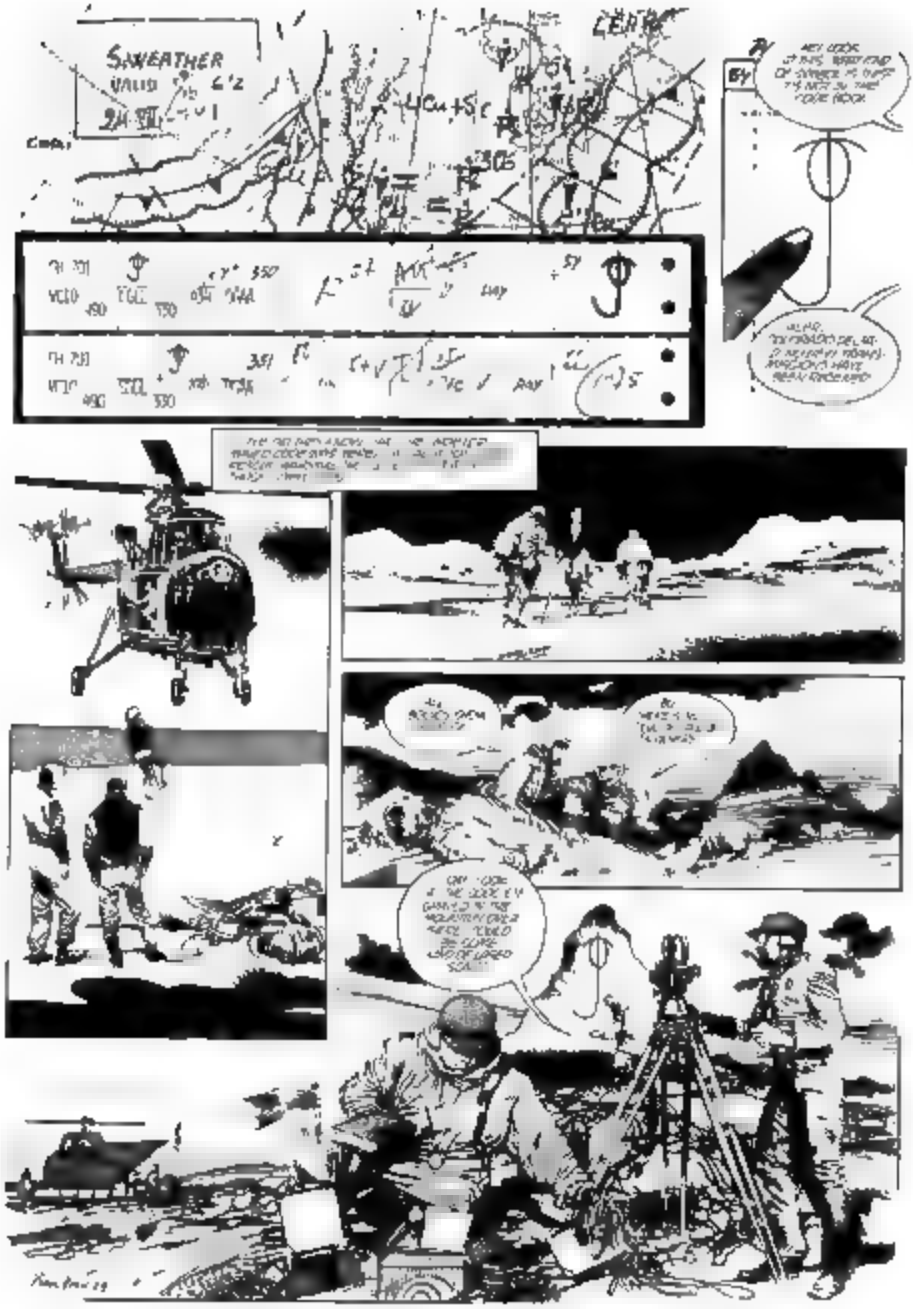
HAIL DARKNESS!
HAIL DARKNESS!
RRRR




HAIL TENEBRAE!

TALES OF THE GALACTIC INN:
HYCROTAN'S STORY

JOSÉ MA BEA FONT


SWEATHER
VALID
CENTRE
HEY LOOK, IT SAYS HERE KIND OF SUNNY IN OUR TV GUIDE IN THE FOOD BOOK
WOW, TECHNOLOGY, WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE SUCH A THING

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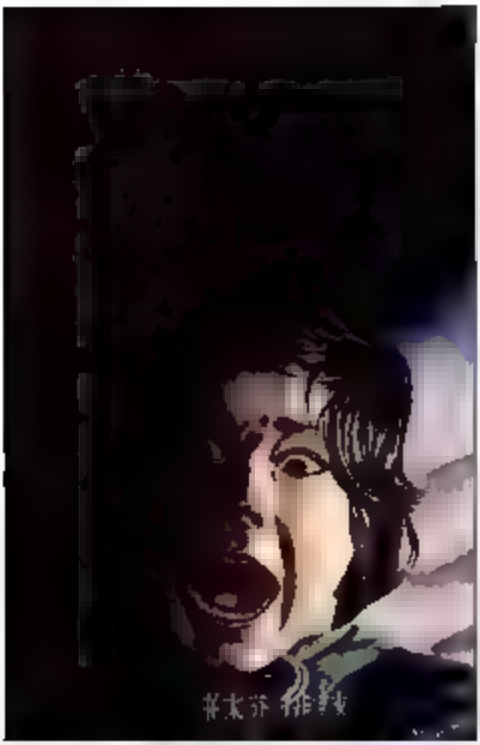


NIGHTMARE DEATH

by Jeff Goldberg

Everybody knows that dreams can kill. That's the stuff of tales by Edgar Allan Poe and H. P. Lovecraft. And he or she who "sleeps the sleep that wakes up in nothing but an old wives' tale." But if people might after night dream their deaths in real life? Dreams of death are just fountain-web fulfillment of repressed conception of an experienced hidden guilt, making fear about it dreams are kill, because dreams seem real. The have to guilt with which I shoot you in line with which to burn you in fingers with which to strangle you. Nobody dies from their dreams—everybody knows that. Well perhaps but consider the case of Seeng Moua.

In May 1988 a Hmong Moua, an otherwise healthy thirty-three-year-old member of a mountain hill tribe called the Hmong, recently moved to Long Beach, Los Angeles suburb of Santa Ana. A few hours after his wife awakened to find him thrashing about, moaning and grasping for the bedcloth. Then gathering at his face, her attempts to wake him were useless. In minutes, Seeng Moua stopped moving and died back of his pillow, dead, strangled without apparent cause.

Greatly dilated heart and petechial hemorrhages on the pericardium, pleura and peritoneum which helped the coroner note a bit. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the young man except he was dead, killed seemingly in his dream.

Nightmare death syndrome, he was [illegible] and it usually strikes men from areas of Southeast Asia and the South Pacific islands. Attacks and fatality are common quite primitive in and a new life surrounds. Similar incidents were recorded by Mark Twain when he was a correspondent for the Sacramento Union on a visit to Hawaii back in 1864. To this day, the universal [illegible]

presented a sensational study entitled "Mystery Death," chronicling twenty-six cases of *bangungut* among Filipino laborers

Murphy dog. The animals were injected with the stuff until they died; then

jungle to refugee camps in Thailand and then to America. Most of the old ones died along the way, leaving their curses implanted for all time in the void. The survivors—that is, the ones that don't die of their dreams—are learning to be more

It's rather as if you or I were suddenly taken up in a flying saucer and transported to a four dimensional universe

the Americans, so would survive

Several Strange, Unexpected, but Civilized Deaths

pears anywhere in the historical record, strange and unexpected deaths are not exactly unknown among Westerners. One M.

Five women were returning from gathering sticks near their homes in Ventimiglia, when one of them cried out and suddenly dropped

fine shreds and scattered up to six feet around her: there were deep

and given way, exposing her intestines; her sacrum was broken and

was almost carried away, exposing the pubic bone and the broken

returned to England intact, but on March 7 a naked man was reportedly seen by several witnesses running wild on Carnarvon's estate near Newbury, Hampshire. That day the explorer fell ill. The wild man of Newbury was frequently spotted until April 5, the day Carnarvon died, and never thereafter. ("That little man" again?)

In Western culture, though, the phenomenon that most closely parallels *hwabyung*, in strangeness and suddenness if not in its

coroner noted at the time, "her clothing was not even scorched." Mrs. Mary Reeser of St. Petersburg, Florida, met an even more spectacular end on July 1, 1951. Her landlady arrived at her apartment later: a fragment of a backbone, and a skull shrunk to the size of a fist; there was no sign of fire anywhere else in the apart-

rational mind. Can rationality be that arbitrary?

Such things really get complicated when you stop to consider that even Western schizophrenics—who are decidedly irrational—don't die of their dreams. Perhaps both our notions of rationality and irrationality are arbitrary, culturally conditioned, and much more

However it is, sudden strange and unexpected death is just exceedingly rare in the West, and this is what makes the nightmare

more primitive men would wisely take them for a sign. Mysteries like nightmare death by their nature don't lend themselves to rational solutions, but they may, by their frequency, be telling us something,

generations is chillingly precise: the Stone Age is dying in its sleep.

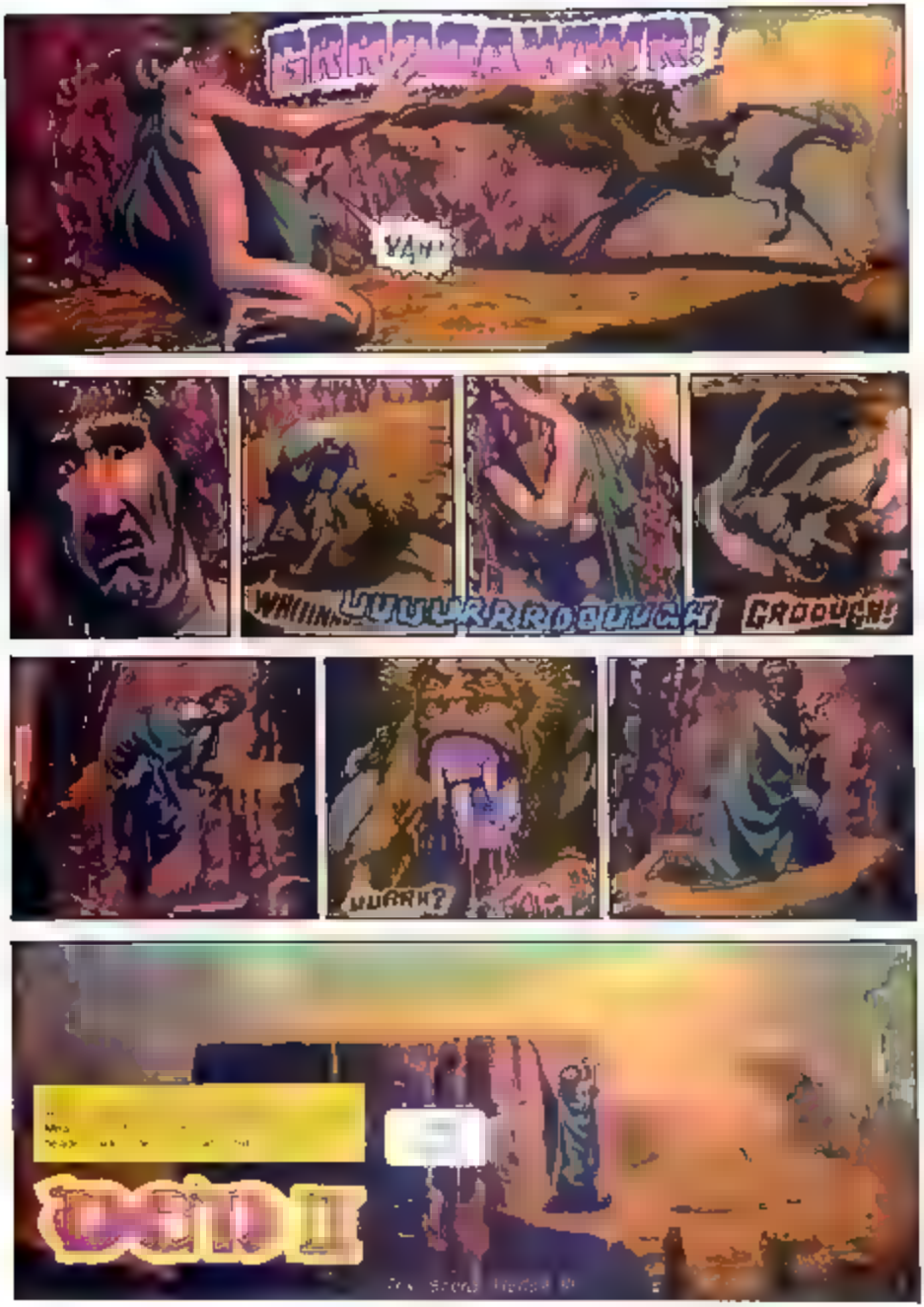
How a Persistent and Profound Emotional State May Induce a Disastrous Fall in Blood Pressure, Pushing to Death

medium, which he imagines is pouring into his body. His cheeks blanch and his eyes become glassy and the expression on his face

sound chokes in his throat, and all that one might see is froth at his mouth. His body begins to tremble and the muscles twist involuntarily. He sways backwards and falls to the ground. After a while he

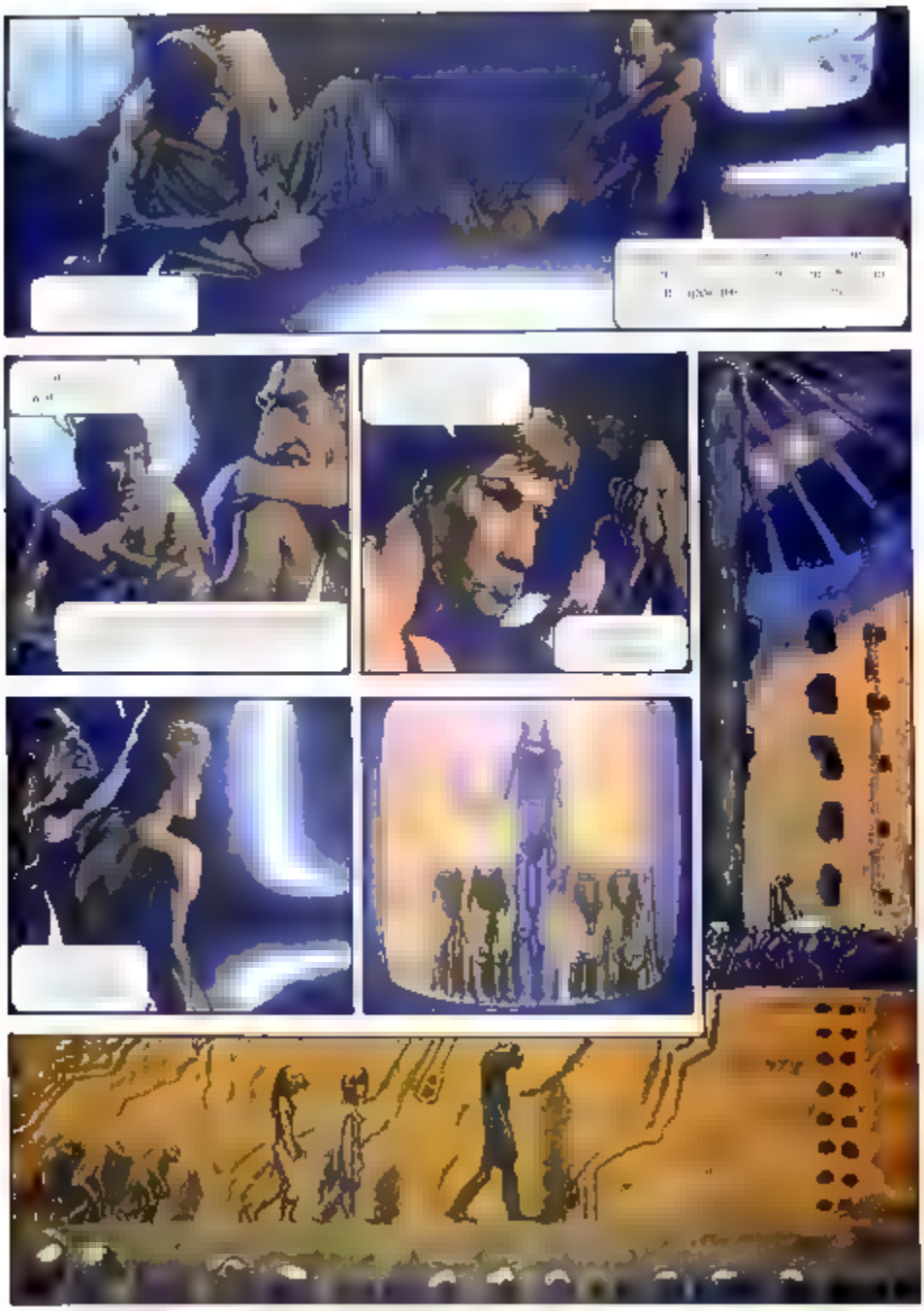
comparatively short time."

He who argues, though, that the Hmong are beating each other to

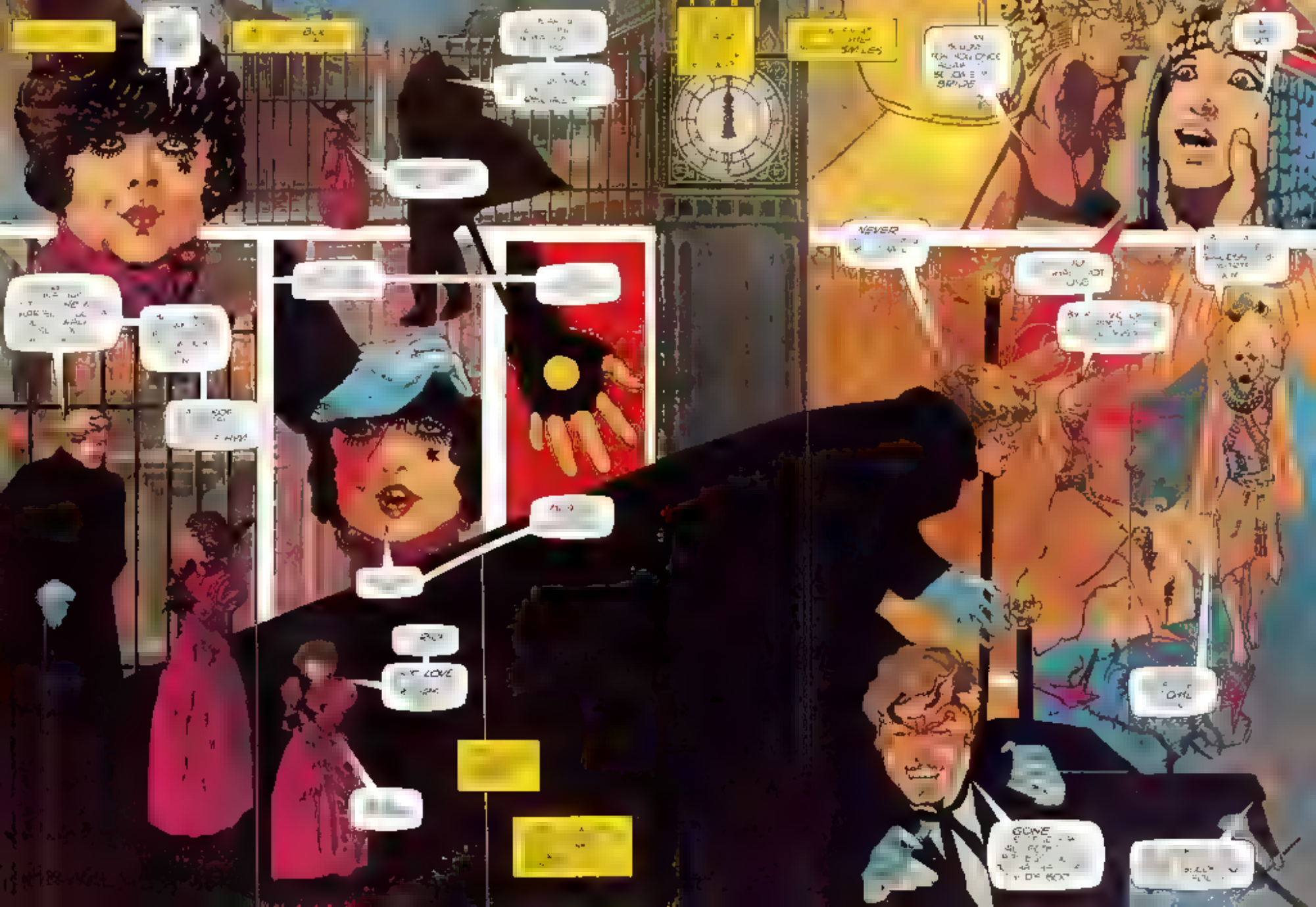

GRRZZAWWR!
YAH!
WHIINK
UUUURRROOUUGH!
GROOUGH!
HUARH?
DSD II

AAAIIEEE
CHOMP
RRROUUUUR
SKROOUR

ROOWR
SSSSIGGRRROOOUUURRRRRR



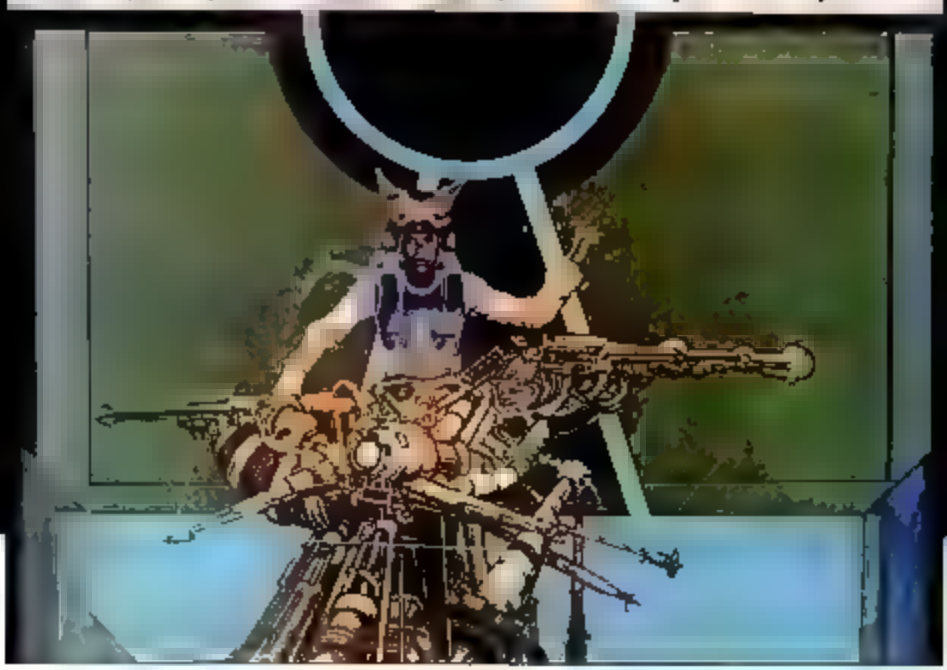
GIDEON FAUST
WARLOCK AT LARGE
Urchin


NEVER
LOVE
GONE

BROKEN
BELOVED
AHIKARA

THE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR ...IN FRENCH

moebius



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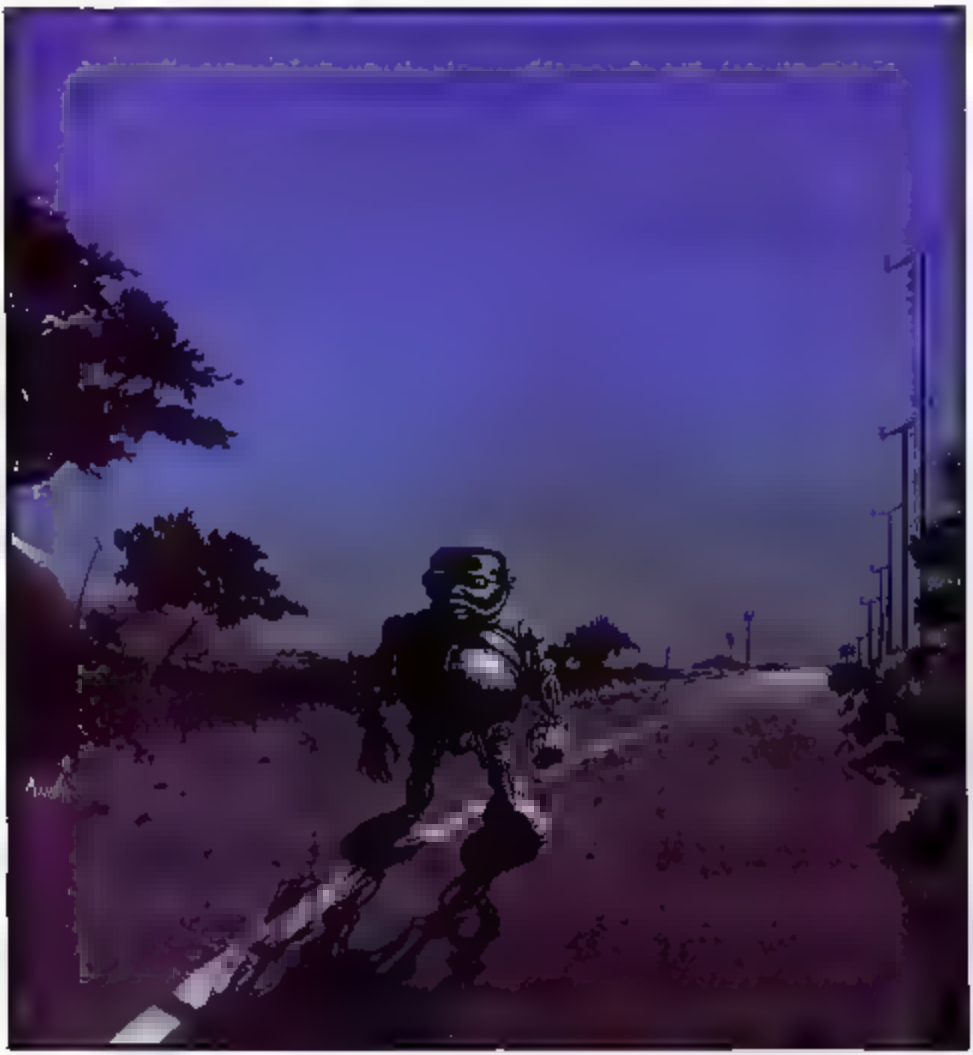
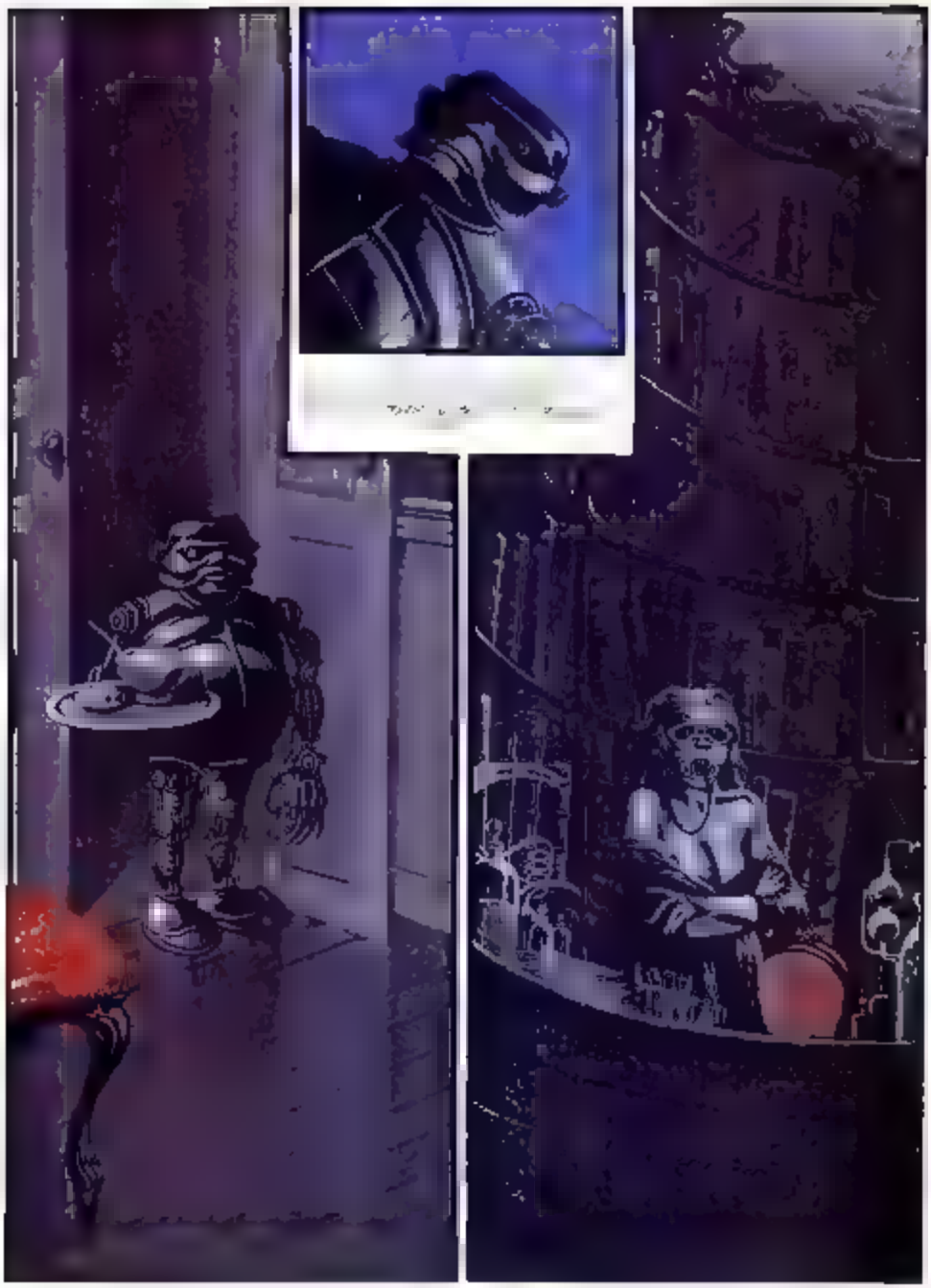
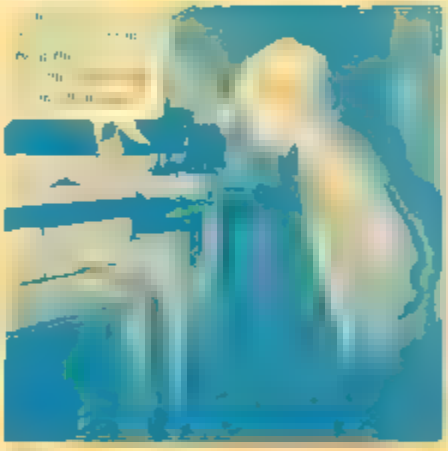
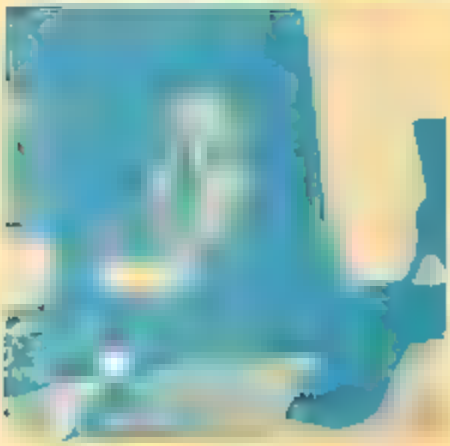
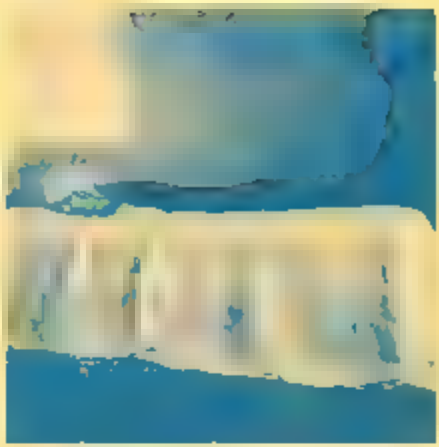
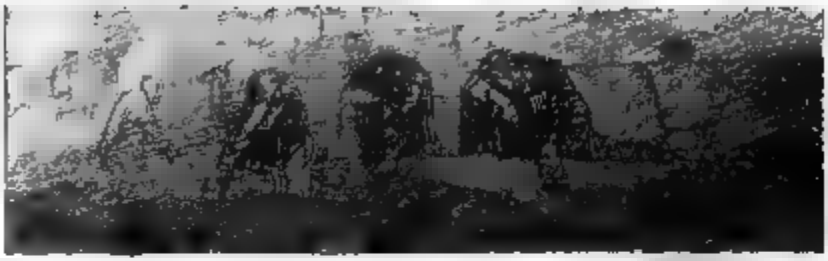


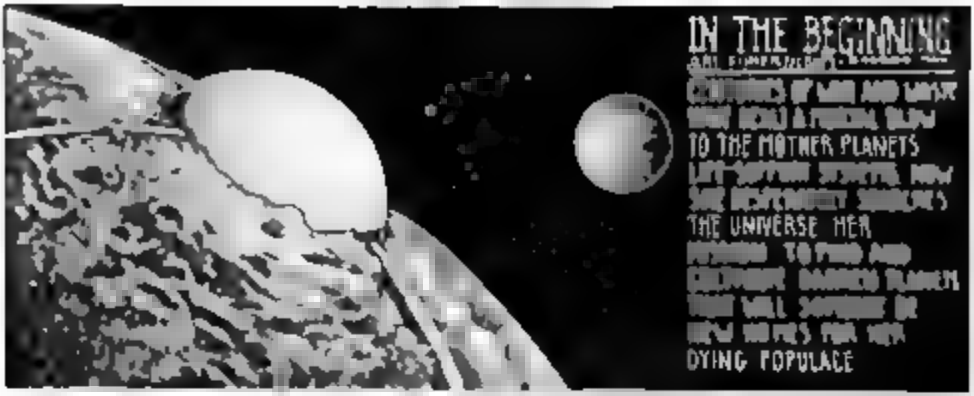


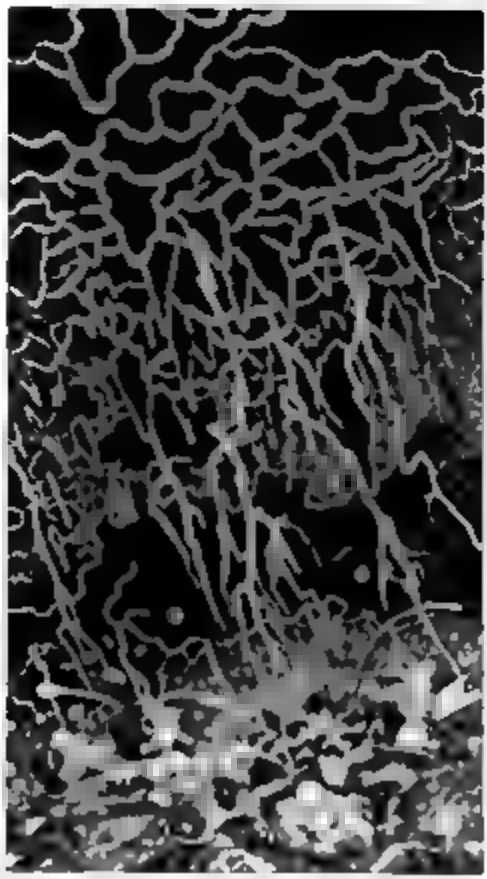



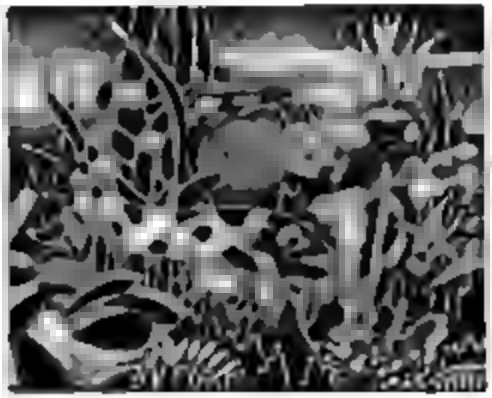


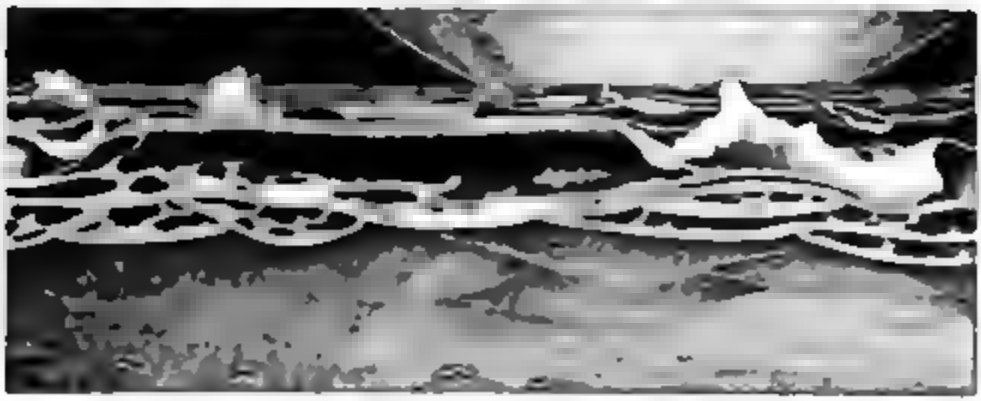
AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA

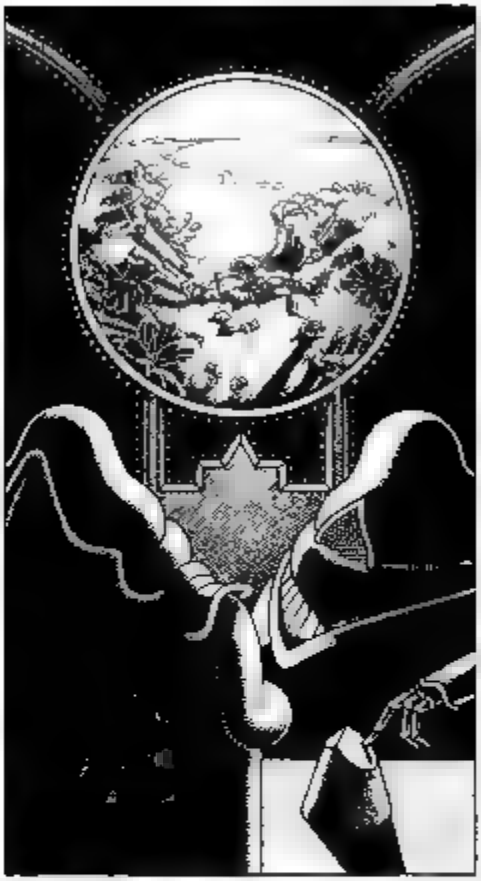



IN THE BEGINNING
TO THE MOTHER PLANETS
THE UNIVERSE HER
DYING POPULACE









NOW THE MOTHER PLANET PULLS AWAY FROM HER NEW CHILD TO LET IT DEVELOP FULLY, AND TO SEARCH FOR OTHERS. SOMEDAY HER CREW WILL RETURN AND THE AWFUL COLONIZATION WILL BEGIN.

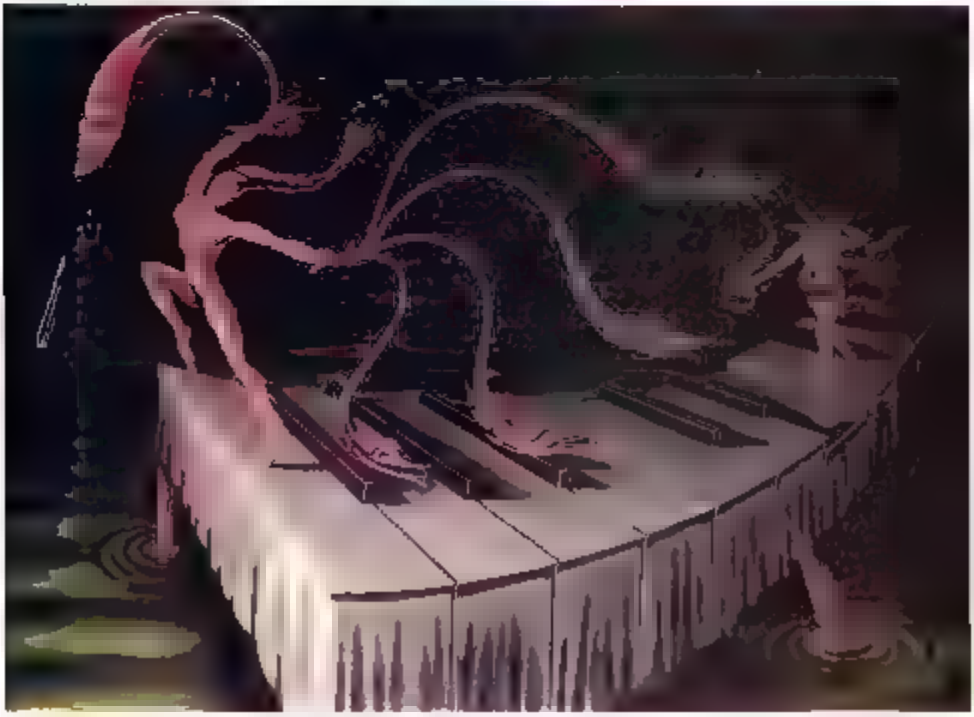
Zeitgeist #2

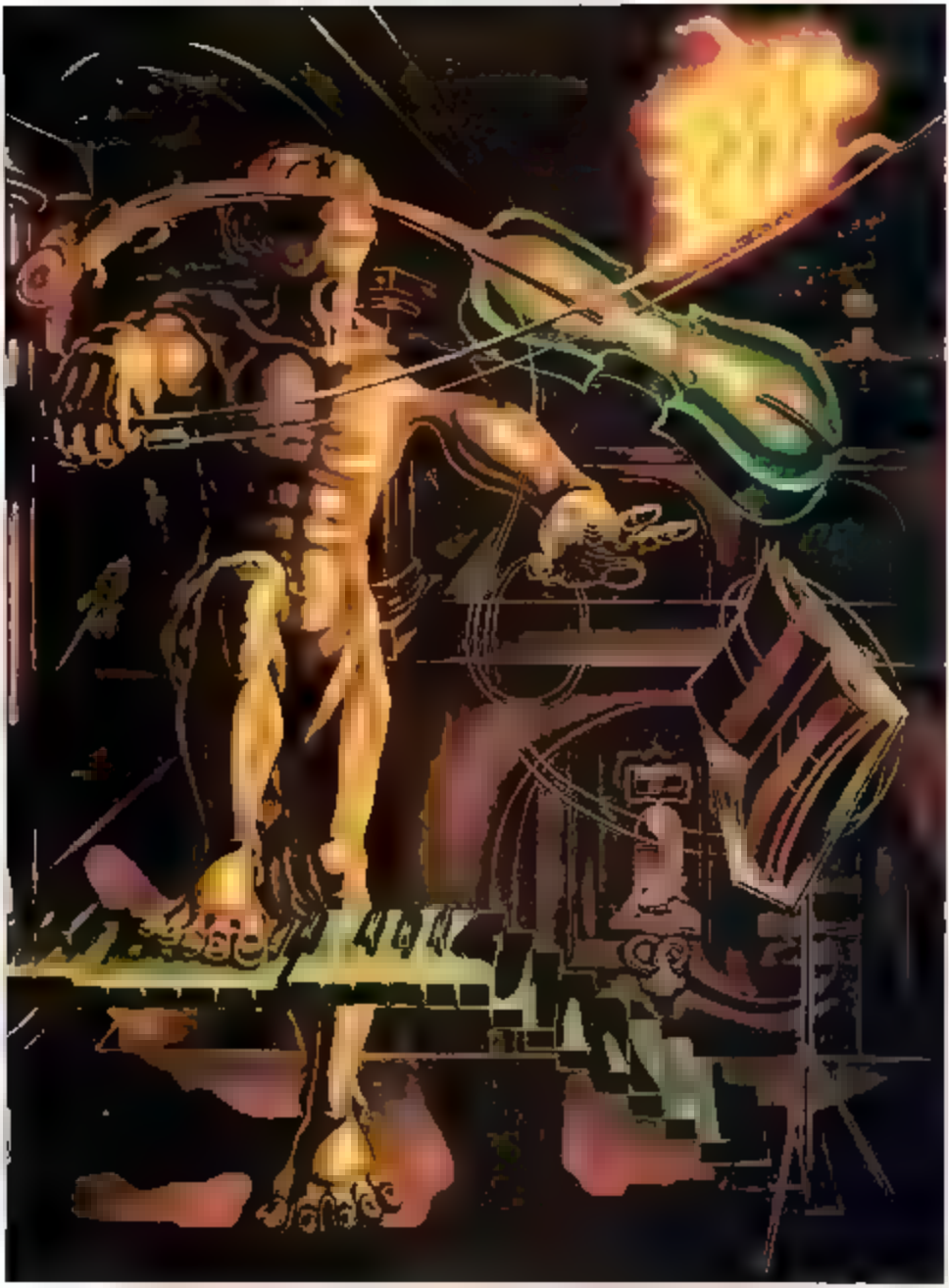
Alonso Smith

With n the Fantasy Bureau of the Subconscious

Higher Education

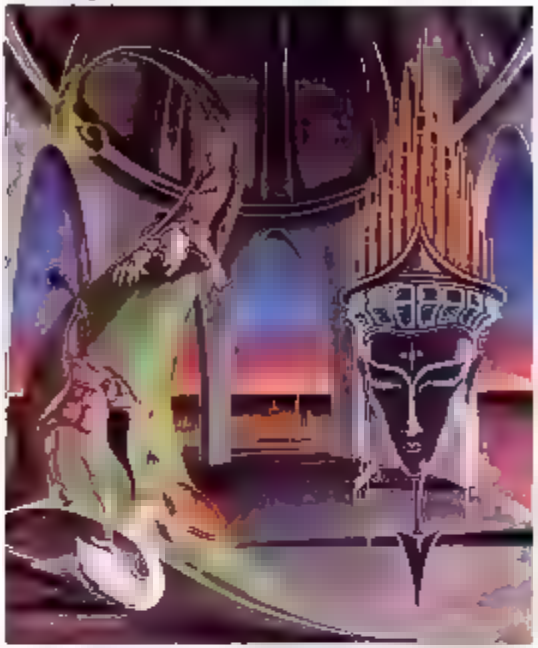
Perfidia Pursued by Fortune





Orpheus and Eurydice

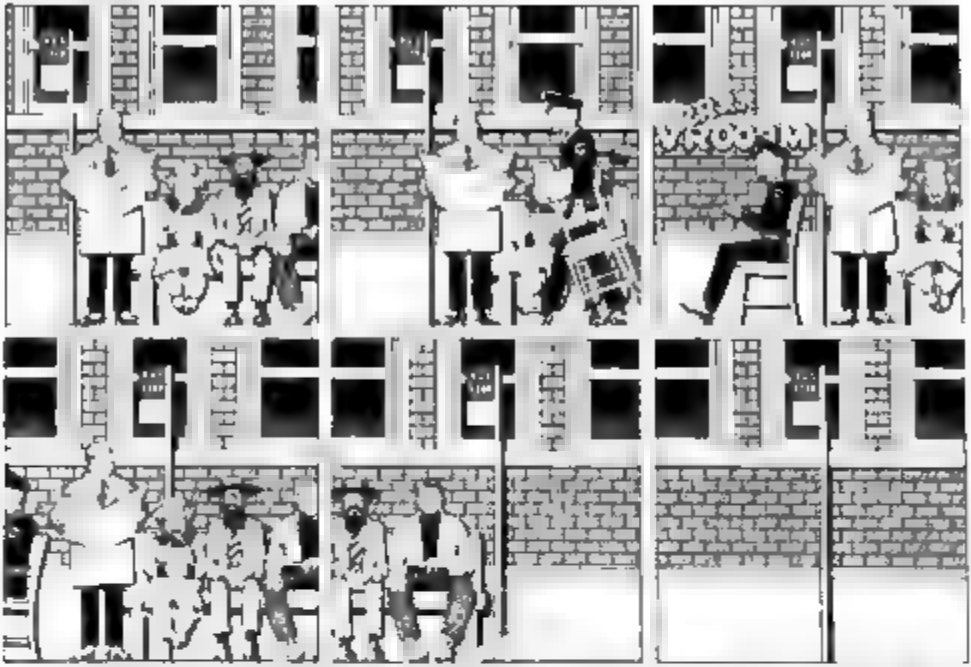
Swan Song



Final Abstraction

the bus

©PAUL KIRCHNER



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"ALL RIGHT, SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON THIS GUY?"
"FOSTER, WILLIAM FOSTER."
RUSH
"IT'S PRETTY STRANGE, ACTUALLY. YOU SEE, WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM."
"HE'S JUST... DYING. THAT'S ALL I KNOW."
DYING
FRIDAY, MAY 30
"30, YESTERDAY. I DON'T KNOW, BOB. IT'S REALLY WEIRD.
"HE'S... JUST DYING."
THE APPOINTMENT
BY MARC HEMPEL
© 1981

COME ON, JAN — YOU MUST HAVE SOME DATA ON THIS A DISEASE HE'S GOT OR WHAT?
APPARENT + SO
ALTHOUGH STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT'S A DISEASE THAT WAS WIDE SPREAD ONLY OF LATE. THE LATTER 20th CENTURY A CURE WAS DISCOVERED AT ABOUT THAT TIME.
SO HE CAN BE HELPED?
MAYBE, MAYBE NOT
WE CAN'T LOCATE THE CURE IN OUR DATA BANKS WE'RE AFRAID IT WAS LOST WITH OTHER DATA DURING THE WAR
DAMN
FORTUNATELY, IT'S VERY RARE AND NOT CONTAGIOUS.

DOCTOR SCHAFFER
MR FOSTER COME IN, PLEASE
HAVE A SEAT
YOU HAVE A RARE, ANCIENT DISEASE, MR FOSTER ONE WHICH WE DO NOT HAVE A CURE FOR
YES DOCTOR SCHAFFER SUGGESTS ME TO TELL YOU THIS MR FOSTER
BUT I'D BE FULL OF BEING TO LEVEL WITH YOU THIS TIME
SOME GOT WITH 60 OR 70 YEARS LEFT TO LIVE
I SEEMS YOU'RE SUFFERING OF A CURIOUS THING CALLED
OLD AGE!
END

ZORA

FLOP

SPLASH!!!

KA-BO
ZOOM

I'M AGE
COME ON

HEAVY METAL

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#26 JUNE 1979

#27 JULY 1979

#28 AUGUST 1979

#29 SEPTEMBER 1979

#30 OCTOBER 1979

#31 NOVEMBER 1979

#32 DECEMBER 1979

#33 JANUARY 1980

#34 FEBRUARY 1980

#35 MARCH 1980

#36 APRIL 1980

#37 MAY 1980

#38 JUNE 1980

#39 JULY 1980

#40 AUGUST 1980

#41 SEPTEMBER 1980

#42 OCTOBER 1980

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: Man and Shadow save planet Pet rock / cover by Moebius Satyricon re definitely not the sequel / Mole and Q in you scene heads Chessboard Blood-a Xa-ra Springer profile of [illegible]

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Partnering Gorbeau Archaeology Berserker Cruisers Vaporwave and Rutland and Pollard Version Ready Rapid Pure The Cinematic Fog Race Dead [illegible]

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeremiah returns with Brennan Dan Wood merges his pet dress with Bang Man Pure Pete Gotta Gabbard and Rebels Mutated and Pure Cobra Moebius tells a Tale Is a Pet Charming or Afternoon Dan [illegible]

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: Moebius & Kelbaugh dominate Cartoon Detective when The Heavy Gear on Arzakite Moebius character gets himself and quite trouble Bobcat space smiley on Biggs from jail jungle Lizard Wars [illegible] Interview with The Hernandez [illegible]

#48/MARCH 1981: Ian Abrams John Fenbay's epic Mexican sagas Virgin Beauty Page and The Ian [illegible] Interview by the Academy Technical and Dynamic with [illegible] Richard Edson's new smiley music of Moebius in Americas [illegible]

#49/APRIL 1981: Jim and the Alpha Dolphin's Bachelor Girl-Book Odd bye Bachelor Heavy Metal's Stories Jim Lawson and an Interview with John Pierre Dionnet as does cop of in one shot on 19th [illegible]

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Cheyenne Cadet Star Wars and Beast The Wonderful Free Pet Business The 50-70 page and a Wagon of Bandages back in Hernandez [illegible]

#51/JUNE 1981: The last interview of the Richard Corben Hernandez Pure Jim Starlin's adaptation of Outland and Jean and Hernandez Changes comics as Pure Tales Chuck-a Crepax and Jean Pierre [illegible]

#52/JULY 1981: Science Fiction Special — H. The Giger's Competition — An Electronic adaptation of Outland cartoon by Jean Giono's fantastic prose per wrapped at [illegible]

#53/AUGUST 1981: Starred on the Immortal Majesty, the third part of the Corben Hernandez Brothers begins on Bell Station on the Planet of the Heavy Metal Pete [illegible]

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's Den-H Jon Zenith — Page Just Completes a Wednesday Insanity Man and Pet Issue Interview with the Creators of Her [illegible]

#55/OCTOBER 1981: Shapeshifters in Amerika: The Real Wonders of Sagittarius Mercenary — a comic section designed as 3th-pop Dreamer pure and Jones Epic Bible and Shapeshifters [illegible]

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeremiah's Egg of the World Jim Jones Sagittarius and Egg — Inside the pit of Sagittarius Dream Interviewer [illegible]

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Science encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Beginning and Corben Pure Heavy Metal Pete [illegible] Tales [illegible]

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our Happy Future issue includes Arms cowboy hats Hip and Gears and The Autogenous Man by Dave Thorson and Before All surrounded by Corben and Sharman Sagittarius Starwars and [illegible]

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the bus

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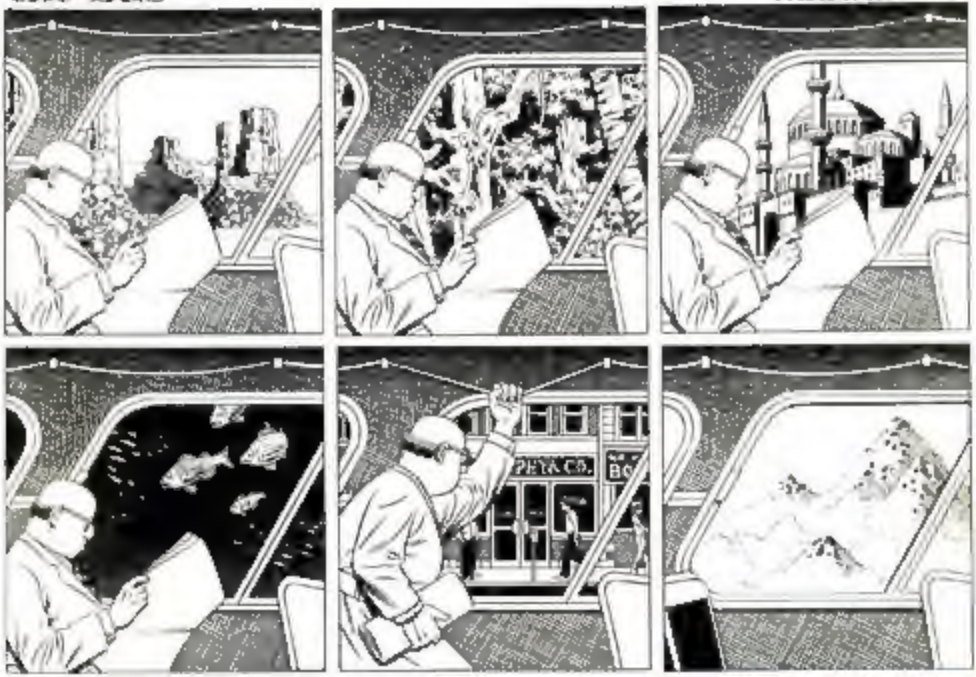

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Strips include **Serge Clerc**'s impressions of sexy Debbie Harry, who is wild fantasy material (she looks great as a girl behind bars), **Loustal**'s "Miss Fan USA," **Voss**'s "The Gladiators," and **Macedo**'s "Jungle Rock."

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